

VERTICAL HORROR



NO. 35  
APR - MAY

# TALES



REPRINT  
EDITION

## FROM THE

# CRYPT



FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEY, HEY! WELCOME BACK, FIENDS! WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! THIS IS YOUR HOST IN HOWLS, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, READY TO NARRATE ANOTHER HAUNTING TALE FROM MY COLLECTION! SO COME IN! SIT DOWN ON THAT SACK OF SILVER DOLLARS THERE AND I'LL BEGIN! THIS STORY HAPPENED TO A YOUNG CHAP NAMED PETER. IT'S IN HIS VERY OWN WORDS! I'LL TELL IT TO YOU THE WAY HE TOLD IT TO ME! HE CALLS THIS SPINE-TINGLING, HAIR-STANDING, BLOOD-FREEZER...

## BY THE FRIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON!



MY NAME IS PETER SEDNA. I AM FIFTEEN YEARS OLD. MY FATHER, ALEC SEDNA, HAD BROUGHT ME AND MY BROTHER EDWARD TO THIS COUNTRY FROM HUNGARY SOON AFTER THE END OF THE LAST WAR WITH THE MEAGER AMOUNT OF MONEY THAT MY FATHER HAD MANAGED TO SAVE. HE'D BOUGHT A SMALL FARM IN THE MID-WEST. EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE GOING ALONG FINE FOR US WHEN...



"PAPA? PAPA? COME QUICKLY!"

WHAT IS IT, EDWARD? HE IS WHITE AS A GHOST, PAPA!



IT'S HAPPIER ABOUT A YEAR AFTER WE'VE ARRIVED IN AMERICA. EDWARD, MY TWENTY-SEVEN BROTHER, HAD BEEN OUT IN THE FIELDS. SUDDENLY, HE'D COME DRIVING ACROSS THE FARMYARD, SCREAMING FOR MY FATHER.

THERE'S A DEAD MAN PAPA! IN THE CORN-FIELD! COME QUICKLY!

A DEAD MAN? WHERE? SHOW ME!

I'M COMING TOO!



I FOLLOWED MY FATHER AND EDWARD TO THE CORNFIELD. THE MAN WAS THERE, ALL RIGHT! ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF HIM? HE'D BEEN HORRIBLY MUTILATED... AS THOUGH

TOOD LOOOO! HE... HE'S ATTACHED... BY A WILD BEAST!

BUT PAPA! THERE ARE NO WILD BEASTS AROUND HERE!

EDWARD IS RIGHT PAPA!



THEN... THEN IT IS THE WORK OF A WEREWOLF!

A WERE-WOLF?

PAPA!



MY FATHER LOOKED AT EDWARD AND ME, A DARKNESS CLODDING HIS FACE...

I'D THOUGHT THAT WE HAD LEFT SUCH HORRORS AS WERE-WOLVES BEHIND US... IN AMERICA! I SEE THAT I AM WRONG!

ARE YOU SURE, PAPA? ARE YOU SURE IT IS A WERE-WOLF?



HE TURNED AND STARTED BACK TO THE HOUSE.

I AM SURE, PAPA! EDWARD! COME! WE MUST GO TO THE TOWN... TO TELL THEM WHAT WE HAVE FOUND!

YES, PAPA! YOU'RE RIGHT! GOING TO TELL THEM I MEAN...



NO, PETER! I AM NOT GOING TO TELL THEM THAT I THINK IT IS THE WORK OF A WEREWOLF! THEY WOULD NOT BELIEVE IT... ANYWAY!

WEREWOLVES IN AMERICA! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT MYSELF!



SO MY FATHER DROVE US INTO TOWN, MY BROTHER EDWARD AND MYSELF, AND BOON OUR LITTLE TOWN WAS ALIVE WITH THE CURIOS WHO CAME OUT FROM ALL AROUND TO SEE THE SCENE THERE...



TURN TO SHEDDY!

WOLF! WOLF! CHASE!

THE SHERIFF QUESTIONED MY FATHER FOR SOME TIME...

AND YOU HEARD NO... I HEARD  
SOUNDS, MR. SHERIFF! NOTHING!  
NO GUNS... LAST  
NIGHT?



I CAN'T FIGURE WHAT  
COULD HAVE DONE IT!  
LOOKS LIKE A WILD  
ANIMAL ATTACKED HIM,  
YET WE AIN'T GOT  
NOTHIN' LIKE THAT  
'ROUND HERE! ANY  
IDEAS, MR. SEDGWICK?

I I  
HAVE  
NONE!



MELNICKLE, MY YOUNGER BROTHER  
WAS MINGLING WITH THE LOCAL  
FARM-BOYS...

MAYBE IT  
WAS AN  
ESCAPED  
LEOP...FROM  
A ZOOOO?

AN, WE  
WOULDFE  
HEARD  
ABOUT  
IT ON  
THE  
RADIO!

MY FARA  
SAID IT  
WAS A  
WEREWOLF!



A...A  
WEREWOLF?

WHAT'S  
THAT?

A WEREWOLF IS A  
HUMAN BEING WHO  
CHANGES WHEN THE  
FULL MOON COMES  
UP, INTO A HORRIBLE  
FLESH-OR-BONE  
WOLF!



AN' SOMEB  
BODY STUFF?  
WHO BELIEVES  
IN THAT JUNK?

IN MY OLD COUNTRY,  
IN HUNGARY, THE  
PEOPLE THERE  
BELIEVE IN  
WEREWOLVES!

EDWARD?



TELL THEM, PETER! TELL  
THEM THAT THERE REALLY  
ARE SUCH THINGS AS  
WEREWOLVES!

MY MY BROTHER  
HAD A VIVID  
IMAGINATION!  
YOU... YOU SHOULD  
BECAUSE HIM!  
COME INSIDE,  
EDWARD!

AN' I  
DIDN'T  
BELIEVE  
HIM, ANY  
WAY!



I PUSHED EDWARD INTO THE HOUSE...

WHY DON'T  
YOU LEAVE  
TO KEEP YOUR  
BIG MOUTH  
SHUT?

BUT WHAT HARM  
IS THERE IN  
TALKING ABOUT  
WEREWOLVES?

WEREWOLVES  
SH! WHO  
SAYS SOMETHIN'  
'BOUT  
WEREWOLVES?



IT WAS SHERIFF HUSSON! HE'D OVERHEARD US! HE STOOD THERE, BLARING DOWN AT US WITH BUSHY EYEBROWS ARCHED...

WELL... WHAT ABOUT WEREWOLVES?

IF NOTHING, SIR? HE DIDN'T SAY.

FATHER SAYS IT'S THE WORK OF A WEREWOLF. THAT KILLING!



FORWARD? OH, HE DIDN'T HE? IS ANYWAY WHERE WE CAME FROM. THERE ARE MANY WEREWOLVES! DURING THE DAY, THEY ARE JUST LIKE ORDINARY HUMAN BEINGS. BUT ON THE NIGHT THAT THE MOON IS FULL... THEY CHANGE...



THEY CHANGE INTO A WOLF. EAT AND THEY EAT HUMAN FLESH?

IF WHY, SHERIFF? YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THEM, DON'T YOU?

YES? I DO? OKAY, BOYS! LET'S GO! WRAP THAT CRITTER IN A SACK AND LET'S CLEAN OUT OF HERE!

OHAY, SHERIFF!



AFTER THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES AND THE TOWNSFOLK HAD LEFT OUR FATHER, I TOLD MY FATHER ABOUT EDWARD. AND HIS BIG MOUTH...

...AND HE TOLD SHERIFF HUSSON... EVEN THE SHERIFF!

WELL? I WOULDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH, WEN? THEY WON'T BELIEVE THAT!



BUT FATHER WAS WRONG? SHERIFF HUSSON WENT BACK TO TOWN TO HIS OFFICE AND...

HARD HE THAT ALMANAC THERE, HEN? SOMETHIN' I WANT TO LOOK UP?

SURE THING, SHERIFF! HURE Y'ARE?



SHERIFF HUSSON FLIPPED THROUGH THE PAGES OF THE ALMANAC, FOUND WHAT HE WANTED... AND STOOD IT FOR SOME TIME...

KNOW SOMETHIN', HEN? LAST NIGHT WAS THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON!

FULL... MOON? SO WHAT?



SHERIFF HUDSON MADE A TRIP TO THE TOWN LIBRARY AFTER THAT! HE WANTED TO READ UP ON...

WEREWOLVES? OH, DEAR! LET ME SEE IT, W...! NO... WEREWOLVES! AH... YES, WE HAVE A BOOK THAT COVERS THE SUBJECT...

LET ME SEE IT, EN, MISS FUNDLETT!



ABOUT A MONTH LATER, I WAS AWAKENED FROM A FITFUL SLEEP BY THE SOUND OF A DISTANT HOWLING. I GOT UP AND RAN TO MY FATHER'S BEDROOM. HE WAS FAST ASLEEP.

PAPA! WAKE UP!

WHAT? WHAT IS THAT NOISE?



WE SAT FOR A WHILE LISTENING TO THE HOWLS! MY FATHER REASSEMBLED ME, HITTING MY BACK.

PROBABLY JUST AN OLD DOG HOWLING AT THE MOON, MY SON! GO BACK TO SLEEP!

P-YES, PAPA!



BUT LATE THAT NIGHT, I WAS AWAKENED BY...

HEY! SOMEBODY'S HAMMERING ON THE DOOR! WAKE UP!

WHY? OH, EDWARD? WHO IS IT?



WE HEARD ANGRY VOICES! WE TIPTOED TO THE KITCHEN! FATHER WAS ARGUING WITH SOME MEN! SHERIFF HUDSON WAS WITH THEM.

NO! YOU ARE WRONG! I AM NO WEREWOLF! I SWEAR IT!

YOU'VE COME FROM SOMEBODY, DON'T YOU? WOLFSSBANE GEORGE HUNGARY!



WE COVERED IN THE DOOR MAT, FRIGHTENED, LISTENING...

YES! BUT I...

WE FOUND ANOTHER VICTIM! GEORGE HE WAS KILLED TONIGHT! TORN TO PIECES AND PARTIALLY EATEN! THERE'S A FULL MOON OUT TONIGHT, WEREWOLVES AT TOWN! WHEN THE MOON IS FULL!



AND WEREWOLVES ARE COMING FROM HUNGARY...

WE DON'T HAVE NO KILLING LIKE THIS BEFORE YOU'VE COME HERE!

SO YOU MUST BE THE WEREWOLF...



THEY GRABBED MY FATHER AND DRAGGED HIM FROM THE HOUSE.

PAPA! PAPA!

WE KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF A WEREWOLF, DEBRA! HARK, HERE, GAINED A SILVER BULLET!



AND THERE... IN THE MOONLIGHT... IN THE FAIRYWOOD... THEY DROPT MY FATHER WITH THAT SILVER BULLET.



PAPA... SOB... PAPA...

HE... HE'S DEAD, EDWARD! THEY... KILLED HIM!



EDWARD LOOKED AT ME WITH TEAR-FILLED EYES...

PAPA WASN'T... SOB... THE WEREWOLF... SOB... WAS HE... SOB... SOB... SOB...

NO! HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN! I SAW HIM TOMORRY, SLEEPING... IN HIS ROOM!



EDWARD'S FACE BEGAN BRIMMING BACK HIS TEARS.

I'LL GET HIM! I'LL GET THE WEREWOLF! I KNOW WHO IT IS! I CAN TELL!

WHO, EDWARD? WHO IS IT?



IT'S THAT SHERIFF! DID YOU EVER NOTICE THE WAY HIS EYEBROWS BROW TOGETHER? THAT'S THE SIGN OF A WEREWOLF! NEXT MORNTH, WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, I'LL WAIT FOR HIM, AND...

WHAT CAN YOU DO, EDWARD? YOU HAVE NO POW... NO SILVER BULLET!



NO, BUT I HAVE THESE! A BLOOD-DROPT... AND A SILVER DOLLAR!

A BLOOD-DROPT? AND A SILVER DOLLAR? BUT HOW CAN YOU KILL A WEREWOLF WITH A SILVER DOLLAR...



IT TOOK EDWARD MANY DAYS TO FILE DOWN THE EDGE OF THE SILVER DOLLAR TILL IT WAS razor-sharp...

YOU SEE, PETER! ONCE I HAVE SHARPENED THE EDGE, I WILL HAVE A LETHAL SILVER MISSILE...

AND YOU WILL FIRE IT WITH THE SLIM-SHOT?



FACT! I'VE HEARD TO AVENGE OUR FATHER'S DEATH! HE WAS INNOCENT! AND I WILL PROVE IT!

WE WILL DO IT TOGETHER, EDWARD! IN THREE WEEKS, WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, WE WILL CLEAR OUR FATHER'S NAME TOGETHER!



AND SO I TOO SET ABOUT SHARPENING THE EDGE OF A SILVER DOLLAR, AND FABRICATING A POWERFUL SLIM-SHOT...



...AND WHEN THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON CAME, MY HOUSHER BROTHER EDWARD AND I WERE READY...



COME, PETER! IT IS TIME! WE MUST GO.

YES, EDWARD!

WE CROSSED THE FIELDS TOWARD TOWN... LISTENING, HOPING...

NOTHING! WHAT I HEARD NOTHING! WAS THAT?



AND THEN WE SAW IT... A SHADOWY FIGURE STEALING DOWN A LONELY COUNTRY ROAD...



LOOK! IS THAT HIM? UP AHEAD?

LET'S SEPARATE, PETER! YOU GO THAT WAY! I'LL GO THIS... WAY...

BEFORE I COULD OBJECT, EDWARD HAD DARTED OFF INTO THE WOODS! I STOOD THERE FOR A MOMENT... HESITATING! THEN I SWUNG OFF INTO THE TREES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD! WE WERE GOING TO CIRCLE AROUND, BUT HE GOT AWAY! SUDDENLY...



EDWARD!



I RAN AS FAST AS I COULD TOWARD THE SCREAMING... SLIPPING THE RAZOR-SHARP SILVER DOLLAR INTO THE SLING-SHOT...

EDWARD? I'M COMING!  
I'M COMING!



AS I BURST OUT INTO THE CLEARING, I SAW IT! A HORRIBLE, HAIRY, RED-EYED CREATURE... ITS MOUTH DRIPPING BLOOD... BARING OVER ITS VICTIM...

EDWARD? I... OH, MY LORD!  
WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE TO HIM...



I TOOK CAREFUL AIM...



...AND LET MY TUNE-SHOT SOAR...



THE SILVER DOLLAR ENTERED THE WEREWOLF'S THUNDERING THROAT...



...AND IT PITCHED FORWARD! AND THEN AS I WATCHED, THOSE DISTURBING FACES BARRAK... THE HAIR DISAPPEARED... THE EYES DARKENED... AND THE AGONIZED FACE OF MY YOUNGER BROTHER TOOK SHAPE...

EDWARD, CHEER!  
OH... OH... EDWARD...



HEH, HEH? YES, KIDDIE? FOLLO!  
EDWARD WAS THE WEREWOLF ALL ALONG? ONLY HE DON'T EVEN KNOW IT! AND THAT'S THE STORY THE WIFE PETER DODD TOLD IT TO ME FROM THAT NIGHT, HE AND EDWARD DID CLEAR THEIR FATHER'S NAME? MISSED UP EDWARD'S THOUGHTS,

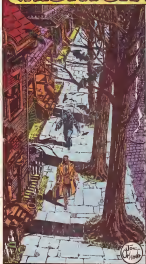
BY THE WAY PETER'S GIVEN ME A NICE REASON? THINK I'LL TURN IT OVER TO THE OLD WITCH? IT'S FOR ANOTHER DAY... COME - COME! SEE YOU LATER? P. E. BRADY?



# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! LOOKS LIKE SUPERNATURAL IS THE ORDER OF THE DAY, FRIENDS! O.K., TOLD YOU A **WEREWOLF** STORY, SO I'LL TELL YOU ONE ABOUT **VAMPIRES!** WELCOME TO THE **HALL OF HORROR!** THIS IS YOUR **KNOCK-OUTER** SHINDER! I CALL THIS **BLOOD-SUCKLING TALE** FROM MY **BLOODY COLLECTION!**

## MIDNIGHT MESS!



THE CLOCK IN THE STEEPLE OF THE VILLAGE HALL CHIMED FIVE AS HAROLD MALDEN MOVED ACROSS THE SQUARE FROM THE RAILROAD STATION. IN THE DISTANCE, THE TRAIN WHISTLED OFF INTO THE BATHING TWILIGHT. HAROLD RACED UP AT THE CLOCK TOWER STILL ECHOING THE LAST DRINK, LOOKED AROUND AT THE QUIET BUILDINGS LINED THE SQUARE, AND CHUCKLED.



HEH! THIS IS JUST THE KIND OF TOWN MY SISTER WOULD BE HAPPY IN! WHAT A **DEAD-LOOKING** PLACE!

THE VILLAGE SQUARE WAS STRANGELY DESERTED. HAROLD SET DOWN HIS VALISE AND SCRATCHED HIS HEAD...

"NOBODY AROUND? NO CAR? NO MOTOR? WELL, NOW IN BLADES WILL I FIND MY BROTHER'S HEED? ALL I KNOW IS THE ADDRESS!"



A NERVOUS LOOKING OLD MAN CAME OUT OF ONE OF THE SMALL STORES, LOOKED THE DOOR, AND HURRIED ACROSS THE SQUARE TOWARD HAROLD. HE KEPT LOOKING AROUND AS IF HE WERE BEING FOLLOWED—HAROLD CALLED TO HIM...

"HEY! HEY, HOO? WHERE'S SMOKE STREET? AND SMOKE STREET?"

"IN! SMOKE STREET? WEST... TWO BLOCKS! THEN EAST... THREE! BUT YOU'D BETTER HURRY! IT'S GETTING DARK!"



THE NERVOUS OLD MAN TROTTED ON PAST HAROLD, NOT EVEN STOPPING FOR AN INSTANT...

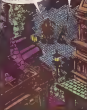
"SO IT'S GETTING DARK? SO WHAT?"

"YOU'RE A STRANGER HERE, AREN'T YOU? YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT THEM!"



"NO? I DON'T! EP... KNOW ABOUT WHAT?"

"THE HAMPSTEAD?"



"THE... THE ROAD? THE HAMPSTEAD? IN, O' MON..."

"BETTER HURRY! I'LL BE GUNNIN' YOU, HAMPSTEAD! COME OUT AFTER GUNNIN'!"



THEN THE OLD MAN WAS GONE, UP A NARROW ALLEY! HAROLD LAUGHED AND CONTINUED ON ACROSS THE SQUARE. A SPIN COULDN'T HIDE EYE.

"A? A RESTAURANT? I COULD DO WITH A BITE TO EAT! I'M STARVED!"



THE RESTAURANT WAS SMALL, BUT THE MIRRORED WALL AT THE FAR END MADE IT APPEAR MUCH LARGER THAN IT ACTUALLY WAS, EXCEPT FOR ONE OR TWO PEOPLE WHO WERE FINISHING THEIR MEALS. THE PLACE WAS EMPTY, A WAITER CAME FORWARD...

"I, I'M STARVED, BUT WE ARE CLOSING! IT IS ALREADY DARK, YOU KNOW?"

"WHAT TIME? I'VE GOT TO GO! WHAT IF IT IS GETTING DARK? IT'S DARKER TIME... AND I'M STARVED!"



THE WAITER SHOOK HIS HEAD

WE CLOSE IN ORDER THAT OUR HELP MAY GET HOME BEFORE DAWN, SIR? THE VAMPIRES, YOU KNOW?

VAMPIRES? WHAT VAMPIRES?

FOR A MOMENT THE WAITER STARED AT HAROLD THEN HIS EYES FELL TO HIS SUITCASE...

OH! YOU'RE A STRANGER HERE! THEN YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING!

NO? I DON'T! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

THERE HAVE BEEN SEVENTEEN CASES SO FAR. BODIES FOUND WITH EVERY DROP OF BLOOD DRAINED OUT OF THEM. THE WHOLE TOWN IS IN THE GRIP OF FEAR. NO SUCH THING!

NO! IT'S THE WORK OF VAMPIRES!



NEVERTHELESS, I SUSPECT THAT YOU GET TO WHERE YOU'RE GOING BEFORE IT BECOMES DARK AND THE VAMPIRES BEGIN TO ROAM THE STREETS LOOKING FOR A VICTIM!

OHAY! OHAY! I'M GOING! WHERE'S GAZZ SHANE STREET? CAN YOU TELL ME THAT?

OF COURSE! WEST...TWO BLOCKS THEN EAST...THREE! GOOD-NIGHT!

GOOD-NIGHT! EVERYBODY IS EVERYBODY IN THIS TOWN! NO VAMPIRES! HMM?



HAROLD STALKED THROUGH THE TOWN TOWARD HIS SISTER'S HOUSE! AS HE WENT, HE COULD HEAR DOORS BEING LOCKED AND BOLTED, BLINDS BEING DRAWN, FINALLY...

YES! WHO'S OUT THERE?

DOOR? IT'S ME! HAROLD! YOUR BROTHER!

HAROLD'S SISTER TRACY OPEN THE DOOR...

HAROLD! YOU...YOU WEREN'T OUT THERE... IN THE DARK!

OH, NO? DON'T! DON'T TELL ME YOU BELIEVE IN THIS VAMPIRE BUSINESS, FOO!



DOMINA LOOKED AND BOLTED THE DOOR BEHIND HAROLD, AND TURNED TO FACE HIM, HER EYES WIDE IN TERROR.

OF COURSE I BELIEVE IN THE VAMPIRES! SEVENTEEN VILLAGERS MURDERED ALREADY! BLOOD-SPAINED! WHAT ELSE COULD HAVE DONE IT...?

DOMINA? THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS VAMPIRES! THEY'RE MYTHS...



PERRAITS... PERRAITS... THERE'S A HORRIBLE MURDER LOOSE IN THIS TOWN? CERTAINLY THERE MUST BE A LOGICAL EXPLANATION! BUT NOT VAMPIRES! IT'S HAROLD'S GUILT!

ALL RIGHT, HAROLD! BELIEVE WHAT YOU WANT TO BELIEVE! NOW LET'S MOVE! ABOUT IT! COME INSIDE! TELL ME! WHY THE DEVIL TAKE YOU?



WELL? WAS ON MY WAY TO THE GOLF AND I THOUGHT I'D STOP IN ON YOU.

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, HAROLD! YOU'RE LOOKING WELL!

THAT NIGHT, HAROLD MADISON COULD NOT SLEEP! HE TOSSED AND TURNED ON THE GOLF DOMINA HAD SET UP FOR HIM. FINALLY HE GOT UP AND DRESSED...

OUT INTO THE DESERTED STREETS, HAROLD MOVED... DOWN SOLENT DARK SIDEWALKS... TOWARD THE VILLAGE SQUARE...



GUESS I'LL GO FOR A WALK!



EMPTIED... VACANT!

EVERY DOOR, EVERY WINDOW THAT HAROLD PASSED WAS LOOKED UP TIGHT AND DARK! THE VILLAGE SQUARE WAS EMPTY AND SILENT...

NOT A SINGLE LIGHT! THEY SURE HULL THIS TOWN UP TIGHTER'S A GOLF AFTER DARK!



AND THEN HE HEARD IT... THE LAUGHTER AND THE MERRY CHATTER, IT CAME FROM A FAMILIAR BUILDING...

WELL I'LL BE! THE RESTAURANT I WAS IN THIS AFTERNOON! IT'S OPEN! THERE'RE PEOPLE GOING IN!



THE RESTAURANT WAS ALL LIT UP. PEOPLE SAT AT TABLES, TALKING AND EATING. HAROLD WENT IN...



THAT'S WHY I COULDN'T SLEEP! I WAS HUNGRY! GUESS I'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT!

HAROLD SAT DOWN AT A TABLE! HE LOOKED AROUND AT THE PEOPLE SEATED NEAR HIM, A WAITER APPROACHED! A DIFFERENT ONE FROM THE ONE HE'D SPOKE TO EARLIER...



CERTAINLY ARE SOME **ODDER** LOOKING CHARACTERS OUT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

WILL YOU HAVE THE **DINNER**, SIR... OR WOULD YOU...

THE WAITER LOOKED AT HAROLD WITH DARK PIERCING EYES... HAROLD SMILED UNCOMFORTABLY...



OH, SIR... THE **DINNER** WILL BE **ROAST** WITH **FRIES**? OR... WHAT'S THE **MEAT** TONIGHT?

WELL... **SOUP**... **FRONCH-FRIED**... **COFFEE**... **HERBY**...

HAROLD LIKED HIS LIPS...



GODD'N SAY I AM HUNGRY? HEH?

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

THE WAITER WENT AWAY AND CAME BACK WITH A GLASS OF JUICE...



AM I TOMORRO JUICE?

YEH FURRY!

HAROLD SIPPED THE CHILLED JUICE IN THE GLASS. IT TASTED SALTIER THAN USUAL... AND THINNER...



WELL? OH, WELL! CAN'T EXPECT MUCH IN A SMALL-TOWN RESTAURANT! THE WAITER'S LOOKING AT ME? I'D BETTER FINISH IT!

THE SOUP WAS HOT... BUT IF TOO WAS SALTIER THAN HAROLD WOULD'VE LIKED.



**STRANGET** TRYING BOULLION. I'VE **EVER** HAD **RICHER** THAN USUAL, TOO...

DO YOU LIKE YOUR **SOUP**? **CLOTH** WELL-DONE OR **MEDIUM**...



ROAST...  
WHAT?

BLOOD! ROAST  
BLOOD BLOOD!  
SAY! WHO ARE  
YOU?



BLOOD! DRAW THE CURTAIN!  
OH...BY...DRAW THE CURTAIN!  
SHORE...THERE'S AN INTRUDER  
IN OUR MCOOT...



GOOD LORD!

THE RESTAURANT WAS CROWDED WITH PEOPLE...AND YET, IN THE REFLECTION, IN THE MIRROR...HAROLD SAT ALONE IN THE PLACE...



ONLY...GASP...ONLY I GAST  
A REFLECTION! THE REST...

SUBTLY THEY WERE AROUND HIM...THE OTHER CUSTOMERS...FANNY SAID...COMING AT HIM



THE REST ARE...  
VAMPIRES!

DONNA ELBOWED HER WAY THROUGH THE CROWD...



HAROLD! I TOLD YOU NOT TO  
GO OUT! I TOLD YOU! NOW  
IT IS TOO LATE!

DONNA! WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING HERE?

I'M ONE OF THEM, HAROLD! I'M  
A VAMPIRE FOOD! WHY DO YOU  
THINK I CAME TO THIS TOWN?  
I HAD TO! IT WAS THE ONLY  
PLACE I COULD GO...



BUT THIS  
RESTAURANT,  
I DON'T...  
UNDERSTAND...



IN THE OLD DAYS, HUMANITY HUNTED THEIR OWN FOOD... PREPARED IT THEMSELVES... HUNTERED FOR IT IN THE WILDS... HUNTED THEIR OWN MEATS... BUT NOW, WE, JUST LIKE MIDDLE CLASS, LEAVE THE HUNTING TO THE PROFESSIONALS... WE LEAVE THE PREPARING TO THE PROFESSIONALS... TOO...

YOU MEAN...



THIS RESTAURANT SERVES BLOOD DISHES... LIKE A VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT SERVES VEGETABLE DISHES... BLOOD-JUICE-COCKTAIL... HOT BLOOD-CORNDOGS... ROAST BLOOD-CLOVES... FRENCH-FRIED EGGS... BLOOD CHERRY...

CHUCK...



I'M SORRY, HAROLD! LIKE THE OTHER SEVENTEEN THAT WANDERED INTO THIS RESTAURANT, YOU WILL HAVE TO BE SILENT! I CANNOT SAVE YOU!

THE TAP! THE TAP! THE TAP!



HAROLD WAS LIFTED SOBILY BY THE GIBBLING CROWD OF VAMPIRES WHILE HIS SISTER LOOKED ON UNCONCERNEDLY, ONE VAMPIRE BROUGHT A BOWL! ANOTHER... THE TAP...

THE TAP! THE TAP!

STOMP! STOMP!

A SQUEAL!



AND SO HAROLD WAS STRUNG UP... HEAD DOWN! THE TAP WAS INCIDENT INTO HIS JUGULAR VEIN! AND EACH OF THE VAMPIRES CAME, ONE BY ONE, AND FILLED ITS GLASS...

NOTHING LIKE THE REAL STUFF!

I'LL SAY!



KIDDER! AND THAT'S THE STORY, KIDDER! THAT'S WHAT VAMPIRES VAMPIRES DO THESE DAYS! THEY DINE IN BLOODHUNTER RESTAURANTS, OVER BUNDOON TO BUNDOON WHERE IS THERE ONE IN YOUR TOWN, YOU ASK? WELL, SOME NIGHT IF YOU FEEL UP TO IT, LOOK FOR IT! YOU CAN TELL IT BY THE EYES INSIDE! IT'S IN RED... AND IT SAYS, "POSITIVELY NO SIPPING THE BAKERS!" THE BOY WHO STARTED THIS CHAIN OF DRINKERIES IS A HAMPY! BURNING!

HE KNOWS THERE'S A 'SUCKER' SOME EVERY MINUTE! NOW I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO THE CRYPT-KEEPER! 'BYE!



HERE'S A YARN THAT FIGURES TO END UP PRETTY HORRIBLE...

# BUSTED MARRIAGE!



JEFFREY HORN WAS A DESPERATE MAN. HE WANTED MONEY. HE WANTED THE COMFORTS MONEY COULD BRING HIM. AND LOUISE BRITTLING WAS RICH... VERY RICH, SO HE SWALLOWED HIS PRIDE... AND PROPOSED...

YOU'RE... VERY RICH, JEFFREY... BUT I DON'T LOVE YOU...!

LOUISE! AND DOESN'T MATTER, I LOVE YOU, BRIDES... IN TEN YEARS THAT'S WHAT'S IMPOR-



...TANT? I WISH YOU COULD FIND IT IN YOUR HEART TO LOVE ME!

I... I...

BUT JEFFREY HORN WAS NOT ONE TO GIVE UP EASILY. HE'D HEARD ABOUT THE LITTLE SHOP DOWNTOWN WITH THE STRANGE NATIVE PROPRIETOR...

I FOLLOWED HER WHEREVER SHE WENT. I PICKED UP THESE HAIR CLIPPINGS AND NAIL SLIPPINGS IN HER BEAUTY PARLOR! YOU SAID YOU'D HIDE THEM...

GOOD! GOOD! NOW YOU SAY YOU WANT TO MARRY ME...!



YES! I WANT HER TO CONSENT TO BE MY WIFE! I WANT US TO BE MARRIED!

LEAVE ME CLIPPINGS FROM FOUR INCH AND NAILS, AND COME BACK TOMORROW! I WILL BE READY!



**THE NEXT DAY...**  
WHY THESE ARE NOTHING MORE THAN DUMB DOLLS THE KIND ONE SEES ON WEDDING CAKES!

NOT *MY* DOLL, MR. NORM! THESE ARE **FOODS** DOLLS! THE BRIDE REPRESENTS **MISS BRITTLING...**



AND THE **GOOD** REPRESENTS YOU! TAKE THEM HOME! PUT THEM SOMEPLACE SAFE FROM HARM, WHATEVER HAPPENS TO THESE DOLL'S, HAPPENS TO THE PERSON THEY REPRESENT!

I... I **SEE** AND SINCE **THEY** ARE GETTING MARRIED, LOUISE AND I WILL BE MARRIED!



**EXACTLY!** AND MAY I SUGGEST THAT YOU **SAME** THESE DOLLS PLACED IN **FOUR** OWN WEDDING CAKE. SUCH ARTICLES ARE **HIGHLY** TREASURED, IT WILL **INSURE** THEIR SAFETY...



YOU... YOU HEAR THAT IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO THESE DOLLS, AN **ARM** BREAK OFF... OR A **LEG**... THAT THE **SAME** THING WILL HAPPEN TO THE **PERSON**...

IT IS THE **FOODS** SPELL! YOU MUST TAKE THE **SAC** WITH THE **GOOD** THAT IS WHY I SUGGESTED USING THEM ON YOUR **CASE**. AFTER THE WEDDING, PUT THEM UNDER **GLASS**, AND **GUARD** THEM WELL! ON, BE CAREFUL NOT TO **GET** OFF THE **SUPPLY** OF AM, ON YOU AND YOUR FUTURE WIFE MAY **SUFFER**!



I'LL... BE CAREFUL! THANK YOU! THANK YOU FOR YOUR **HELP!**

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE LOUISE BRITTLING'S ATTITUDE TOWARD JEFFREY BEGAN TO CHANGE, UNTIL...

OH, DARLING! AT **FIRST** I THOUGHT YOU WERE MERELY IN LOVE WITH MY **MONEY**... BUT NOW I **KNOW** YOU LOVE ME FOR **MYSELF**! YES, YES... I'LL MARRY YOU!



LOUISE! LOUISE... AT **LAST**...

AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED! AND THE **PAIR** STOOD UPON THE **LARGE** WEDDING CAKE... AND **SMILED**...



JEFFREY! I'M SO **HAPPY**! LIKE THOSE **FIGURES**... ON OUR **CAKE!**

LET'S **SAVE** THOSE **FIGURES**, MONEY FOR **ALWAYS**! THEY WILL BE A **SYMBOL** OF OUR **HAPPINESS**!

SO WITH SLICK LIKE THAT, JEFFREY MANAGED TO HAVE THE VOODOO FIGURES PLACED IN A LOCKED CHINA CLOSET UNDER A GLASS BELL IN LOUISE'S PALATIAL HOME...

THERE! AND EVERY TIME WE HAVE A SPAT OR A MISUNDERSTANDING, THESE FIGURES WILL REMIND US OF HOW GADDDY WE WERE AT THIS MOMENT!



OPEN THE WINDOW, JEFF! IT'S SO HOT IN HERE...

JEFFREY LAUGHED AND SHOT A TROUBLED GLANCE AT THE FIGURES INSIDE THE CHINA CLOSET...

HEN! IT'S ONLY WARM FOR NOW BRAD, MONEY! GO ON JUSTAS! I'LL BE UP IN A MINUTE!

ALL RIGHT, JEFF! BUT DON'T BE LONG, WILL YOU? WHEN? IT'S AWFULLY STUFFY IN HERE!



HE WATCHED AS LOUISE LANDED ON THE MARBLE STAIRCASE... AT SOON AS SHE DROVE INTO HER ROOM, JEFFREY UNLOCKED THE CHINA CLOSET, GASPING FOR BREATH...

THAT WAS STUPID OF ME! I FORGOT ABOUT GETTING OFF THE GAS SUPPLY! TOMORROW I'LL HAVE TO GET A BELL WITH HOLES IN IT! MEANTIME...



JEFF SLIPPED A MATCH STICK UNDER THE EDGE OF THE BELL...

MEANTIME, I'LL PROOF IT UP SO JEFF CAN GET IN!



THEN HE LOOKED THE CHINA CLOSET AND FROCKETS THE KEY. HE WENT UPSTAIRS, LOUISE SAT ON THE BED SMILING AT HIM...

THAT'S BETTER! WHAT WAS IT?

OH...! SOME DAMN FOOL HAD FOUNDED UP THE THERMOSTAT!



AND SO, WITH THE AID OF VOODOO... JEFF NOW HAD GOTTEN WHAT HE WANTED! HE'D MARRIED LOUISE BRITTLING... AND NET MILLIONS, THE NEXT DAY HE PURCHASED A NEW GLASS BELL... HAD TINY HOLES DRILLED IN IT... AND SUBSTITUTED IT IN THE CHINA CLOSET. ALL WENT WELL FOR A YEAR OR THEREAFTER...

LOUISE, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T DRAG ME TO THESE PARTIES! YOU KNOW HOW I...

WUAG! SOMEONE'S COMING! WHY, YOU GARD!



... AND THIS MUST BE YOUR NEW HOUSEWIFE! WELL, INTRODUCE ME!

JEFF! THIS IS EVE PORTER! EVE'S BEEN IN SLOPES FOR TWO YEARS...

GLAD TO MEET YOU, EVE!



EVE FORSTER WAS YOUNG AND LOVELY. SHE WAS ATTRACTED TO JEFF! THAT EVENING, AS THEY DANCED...

TOO BAD I DON'T MEET YOU BEFORE LARRY DID, JEFF! YOU'RE QUITE A GUY!

PERHAPS... PERHAPS WE CAN HAVE DINNER TOGETHER SOMETIME, EVE!



AND SO, EVE AND JEFF BEGAN SEEING EACH OTHER... SECRETLY! THEIR ATTRACTION FOR EACH OTHER GREW STRONGER EACH TIME THEY MET. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THEY REALIZED THAT THEY WERE FALLING IN LOVE...

DIVORCE LARRY, DARLING! WOULD YOU MARRY ME? WE'LL GET ALONG SOMEHOW! I WANT A SMALL HOME!

I... I LOVE YOU EVE... BUT THERE'S ANOTHER WAY! WANT A BETTER WAY!



IT WAS LOUISE'S HEALTH THAT JEFF WAS THINKING OF. HE HAD TO GIVE THAT UP, AND THERE WAS A WAY... ONE WAY TO HAVE BOTH... BOTH LOUISE'S MONEY... AND EVE... SO...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JEFF?

I'M PUTTING THESE WEDDING CAKE PIECES UNDER SEPARATE GLASS BELLS. LOUISE'S THOUGHT THEY'D LOOK BETTER THAT WAY...



WHAT JEFF WAS DOING WAS TAKING THE OLD GLASS BELL, THE ONE WITHOUT ANY HOLES AND PLACING IT OVER LOUISE'S FINGER. HE PUT HIS OWN UNDER THE ONE WITH THE VENTILATION! LATER THAT NIGHT...

LARRY... JEFF? GASP! I... I CAN'T BREATHE!

WHAT IS IT, LARRY? WHAT'S WRONG? SHALL I CALL A DOCTOR?



IT WAS SO SIMPLE! LOUISE'S BREATHING BECAME MORE AND MORE LABORED! THE DOCTOR CAME! HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

IT'S AS IF THE... OF SOMETHING WERE SUFFOCATING! MUST BE HER HEART!

DOCTOR! DO SOMETHING!

BUT JEFF KNEW THAT NOTHING COULD BE DONE FOR LOUISE. IN THE CHINA CLOSET, THE LAST TRACE OF AIR INSIDE THE BELL, INCLUDING LOUISE'S GOOD FINGER-RING, VANISHED, AND...

WHY'S DEAD, JEFF? I'M SORRY...

YOU... YOU DID ALL YOU COULD, DIDN'T YOU? IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT!



AND NOW JEFF WAS FREE! FREE TO MARRY EVE! AND LOUISE'S MONEY WAS ALL HIS...

AGREED TO ARRANGE... MUST TO MUST...



AFTER THE FUNERAL...JEFF WANTED TO DESTROY LOUISE'S IMAGE... BUT HE RECONSIDERED...

I STILL HAVE TO PRESERVE MY FIGURINE! I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE *MIKE* IS KEPT FROM HARM! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY...



AND SO...

WHAT IF IT, JEFF? WHAT'S THE SURPRISE?

LOOK!



EVE HAD NEVER SEEN THE PROPOSEE IN LOUISE'S CHINA CLOSET? SO IT WAS EASY TO POOL HER...

I BOUGHT THEM FOR OUR WEDDING CAKE! OH, JEFF... HOW SWEET!



LOUISE'S FIGURE STOOD IN HER AIR-TIGHT GLASS BELL...

AFTER THE WEDDING WE'LL KEEP THEM ALWAYS, AS A REMIND OF OUR LOVE... UNDER THESE GLASS BELLS...

OH, JEFF, DARLING! WHAT A NICE THOUGHT! OF COURSE...



EVERYTHING WAS PERFECT. WHEN THE PROPER TIME HAD ELAPSED AND THE WEDDING GAY WAS SET, JEFF REMOVED THE TWO FIGURINES FROM THE CHINA CLOSET... AND... FOR THE TOP OF THE WEDDING CAKE, PERFECTION! JUST ONE THING? BE VERY CAREFUL WITH THEM! UNDERSTAND?

OH... OH, M'IEU HORN, I WILL BE EXTRA CAREFUL!



BUT WHEN THE AIR HIT THE FIGURE OF LOUISE, SOMETHING STRANGE BEGAN TO TAKE PLACE. AFTER ALL... LOUISE HAD BEEN DEAD FOR A LONG TIME...

AREN'T SOMETHING SWEETS IN HIS BAKERY, PIERRE...

IT SEE THESE FIGURE... ON DE CAKE? BUT WHAT CAN I DO? M'IEU HORN INSISTED...



AND AT THE WEDDING RECEPTION...

OH, JEFF! LOOK! THE BRIDE'S FIGURE ON THE CAKE! IT'S ALL MOULTY AND ROTTY...

GHOST...



AFTER THE WEDDING...

THROW THEM AWAY, JEFF! THE BRIDE IS POTRISI! IT SMELLS LIKE A GRAVE!

LET ME SAVE THE GROOM'S FIGURINE, EVE! I'LL HAVE PIEDVE MAKE US ANOTHER BRIDE!



JEFF DROPPED THE VENTILATED GLASS BELL OVER THE GROOM FIGURINE...

ALL RIGHT NOW... COME TO BED, HUNT?

SOON AS I FINISH THIS AWAY!



JEFF DROPPED THE FOAM-SMELLING FIGURINE OF LOUISE INTO THE GARBAGE CAN, AND WENT TO BED.

OH, JEFF! AT LAST, MARRIED?

EVE... SURE...



DOWNSTAIRS, IN THE GARBAGE CAN... THE ROTTING FIGURINE OF LOUISE STARED... MOVED? IT CLIMBED FROM THE LITTER-FILLED CAN...



...STUMBLED ACROSS THE KITCHEN AND INTO THE DINING ROOM WHERE JEFF'S FIGURINE STOOD UNDER THE GLASS...



...CLIMBED TO THE TABLE AND PUSHED...



UPSTAIRS, IN THE BEDROOM, THE LIGHT HAD JUST GONE OUT? SUDDENLY, EVE SCREAMED:



HER HYSTERICAL SHRIERS ECHOED THROUGH THE HOUSE, DOWN INTO THE DINING-ROOM WHERE JEFF'S VOODOON FIGURE LAY SMASHED INTO A HUNDRED JAGGED PIECES.



REN, HOW SO EVE'S NEW BRIDE-GROOM JUST FELL APART... AND ON THEIR WEDDING NIGHT, FOR TOY TOY WELL, IT JUST GORE TO SWOP YOU! A MODERN MARRIAGE CAN'T LAST IF IT DOESN'T BEGIN SOLIDLY! AND AT LEAST EVE FOODS GOT THAT JEFF WAS JUST A CHEAT-ER IN TIME! NOW THE OLD



WITCH IS STARRING UP HER NEW-NOT, READY TO GIB OUT ANOTHER SPONGE HELPING TO HOLD YOUR NOSE... EYES RIGHT!

# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HELLO! SO IT'S SUPERHEROES YOU WANT, EMP? WELL... YOU'VE HAD A WEREWOLF STORY... A VAMPIRE STORY... AND A FOOOOOLD STORY! NOW LET'S SEE! ANY? I'VE GOT THE RECIPES! CHECK IN! I'LL COOK UP A MURDER STORY IN MY CRADDY CAULDRON! YEP! IT'S YOUR SAVVYERS— ONE! THE OLD WITCH, READY TO DITCH YOU TASTY TALE OF TERROR FOR THIS ISSUE OF C.K.'S MAG! SO CRAB UP TO THE BUBBLING POT... TUCK YOUR SAVVYERS UNDER YOUR CHINS... FASTEN YOUR SHOO! CAPS... AND FEAST ON THE POOL PARE Z-CALL...

THIS WRAPS IT UP!



THE PLANET BOP! DARK SUN BLAZED DOWN UPON THE THREE ARCHAEOLOGISTS, BURNING THE PER-SEUTATION FROM THEIR FORETS AND BURNING IT IN TINY STREAMS DOWN THEIR FACES. THEY MOVED FORTH... FIRST ONE, THEN THE OTHER... DIS-SEND INTO THE FURNACE SAND AT THE BASE OF THE TOWERING CLIFF...

IT'S NOT TO BE HERE!  
IT'S NOT YET EVERY  
SHED OF EVIDENCE  
WE'VE PRICED FORGOTTEN!  
SAYS THIS IS THE  
SPOT!

DO NOT BE DISAPPOINTED  
IF IT IS NOT, ANNOY!  
WE HAVE BEEN WRONG  
BEFORE! WHY DON'T  
YOU REST WHY?  
REMEMBER... YOUR  
HEART...



DOCTOR ARNOLD HURLED BUNNERS SAT DOWN AND WIPED HIS SOAKING WET FACE WITH HIS HANDS. "WHY? HE STUCK HIS TWO ASSOCIATES... PROFESSOR THOMAS STEEL AND DOCTOR JEROME GRABEL... AS THEY CONTINUED DIGGING...

"BUT? I'M AS HEALTHY AS A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD? JUST BECAUSE I HAD A SLIGHT HEART ATTACK...

"DOCTOR ARNOLD COULD BE FATAL, ARNOLD! GET THAT THROUGH YOUR STUPIDITY! YOUR SKULL!"

TOM ARNOLD LOOK...

"BERRY WE ARE... ON THE VERGE OF THE MOST VALUABLE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIND OF THE CENTURY. AND I HAVE TO WATCH MY HEART."

"YOU WERE ADVISED NOT EVEN TO GO ALONE ON THIS EXPEDITION, ARNOLD. NO LESS DID YOU SAY THAT!"



DOCTOR JEROME GRABEL POINTED AT THE SPOT WHERE THEY'D BEEN DIGGING...

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE EXCAVATION WAS A ROUND IRON RING IMBEDDED IN A MASS, PARTIALLY UNCOVERED SLAB OF STONE...

SOON, THE STONE SLAB HAD BEEN FULLY CLEARED OF SAND. AS ARNOLD ANTICIPATINGLY WATCHED, THOMAS AND JEROME TUGGED AT IT.

"WHAT IS IT, JEROME?"

"YOU'VE FOUND SOMETHING!"

"THE ENTRANCE? THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB?"

"GIVE ME A SHOVE! LET ME..."

"ARNOLD! TAKE IT EASY! PLEASE"

"I'LL FINISH UNCOVERING THE SLAB!"

"IT'S COMING LOOSE! I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND."

"WE CAN'T... CAN MANAGE A LITTLE MORE, ARNOLD."

"MORE, MORE, MORE..."



FINALLY THE LARGE STONE SLAB WAS SWUNG AWAY, REVEALING A DARK OPENING WITH DUSTY STEPS DESCENDING INTO THE BLACKNESS. THE MUSTY ODOUR OF DECAY AND ROT, OF THINGS LONG BURIED AND AIR THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD, BEARDED THEIR NOSTRILS...

FOOTSTEPS ECHOED INTO THE DARKNESS BLACKER, SHATTERING THE SILENCE OF CENTURIES, FLICKERING LIGHT FROM THE LANTERN THOMAS CARRIED CARCASS WALLS THAT HAD NOT FELT LIGHT FOR OVER A HUNDRED GENERATIONS. THE THREE MEN DESCENDED INTO THE SHAFT...

"WE'VE FOUND IT! WE'VE FOUND IT!"

"THE TOMB OF HESAP-BO-KANNA, FIFTH PHARAOH OF EGYPT..."

"I'VE COUNTED FIFTY-FIVE STEPS ALREADY!"

"WE'RE NEARLY AT THE BOTTOM."





THE STEPS ENDED BEFORE A SMALL DOOR. ITS SURFACE WAS EXQUISITELY DECORATED WITH TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ARTISTRY. OVER THE DOOR WAS A TABLET INSCRIBED WITH HIEROGLYPHS.

WHAT DOES IT SAY, THOMAS? YOU'RE THE HIEROGLYPHIC EXPERT.

IT SAYS, 'BYRONS THIS DOOR LIES EXALTED NEAN-MU-KAMMA, FIFTH PHAROAH OF ALL EGYPT. LET THIS BE A WARNING TO ALL WHO TRESPASS. DEATH WILL COME TO THOSE WHO ENTER HIS TOM. KAN-MU-KAMMA WILL RISE TO AVENGE THE DISTURBANCE OF ITS SANCTITY.'



JEROME'S LAUGHTER WAS THIN AND FORGED WITH NEVILSNESS. IT SUPPLED THROUGH THE SILENCE AND BOUNDED UP THE STAIRS OF THE SHAFT.

REN, HERE TYPICAL OF THE WARNINGS PLACED AT THE ENTRANCES TO OTHER PHAROAH'S TOMBS...

THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO SCARE OFF WANDERING BANDS OF THIEVES WHO MIGHT HAVE SNEAKED INTO THE TOMBS AND STOLEN THE TREASURES BURIED WITH THE PHAROAHS...



ARNOLD TRIED TO PUSH THE DOOR OPEN.

IT'S SEALED!

WE'LL HAVE TO BRASH IT! LEAVE A HAND HERE, JEROME! STEP AWAY, ARNOLD!



FLIPPING THEIR FULL WEIGHT AGAINST THE SEALED TOM-ENTRANCE DOOR, DOCTOR GRABEL AND PROFESSOR STEEL FINALLY MANAGED TO UNLATCH IT DOWN...

BACK!

LOOK FOR THE FLOOR!

SKELTONS!



THE WHITENED BONES STARED UP AT THEM AS IF THEY SOON ENJOYED A SECRET THEY WOULD NOT SHARE.

PERHAPS THESE ARE THE REMAINS OF THOSE WHO ONCE BROKE IN.

IMPOSSIBLE! THE DOOR WAS SEALED!



THEN WHO ARE THEY?

WORKERS? PERHAPS SERVANTS... WHO INTERRED NEAN-MU-KAMMA AND THEN WERE MURDERED SO THAT THE SECRET OF THE TOM'S LOCATION WOULD BE KEPT.



THOMAS DARTED FORWARD.

JEWELS! JEWELS! ARNOLD, JEROME... COME... SEE...

GOOD LORD! A FORTUNE IN PRECIOUS STONES!



PROFESSOR THOMAS STEEL SCOOPED UP HANDFULS OF THE SPARKLING GEMS HUNGRIPLY...

ROUBIN'S EMERALDS? SAPPHIRES? MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH!

AND THE GEMS THAT HOLD THEM ARE SOLID GOLD!



THIS IS THE GREATEST ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY! I SAID IT WOULD GET

TAKE IT EASY, ARNOLD! I DON'T EXPOSE YOURSELF! REMEMBER... YOUR HEART!

HERE! IN HERE! IT'S THE BURIAL CHAMBER!



THE SANDS OF THE DEEP MOUNTAINS OF JEAN-BO-BAHARA!

THOMAS! HELP ME LIFT THE LID!

GET THAT END, JEROME!

THE LID OF THE CERCOPHAGUS WAS REMOVED, REVEALING THE MUMMY OF JEAN-BO-BAHARA!



PERFECTLY PRESERVED! WHAT A FIND! WE MUST GET A MESSAGE BACK TO THE MUSEUM!



THOMAS STARED AT ARNOLD... BUT... BUT IF WE REPORT THAT WE'VE FOUND THE TOMB... WE'LL HAVE TO TURN THE TREASURE OVER TO THEM.

BUT WE FOUND IT! WE SWEATED AND BURNED OUT IN THAT HOT SUN UNTIL WE DISCOVERED IT! BUT THAT'S RIGHT, JEROME!

THOMAS! I'M ASHAMED OF YOU! IF YOU'D DONOR THE TREASURE BELONGS TO THE MUSEUM!

JEROME TOOK THOMAS BY THE ARM AND JERRED HIM INTO A CORNER.

BUT... BUT YOU FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE ARNOLD'S TOO RIGHT? YOU'VE GOT TO CLAIM THE TREASURE FOR YOURSELF!

THEN WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM! HE STANDS IN OUR WAY...



LATER THAT NIGHT, IN THE CAMP OF THE THREE  
ARCHAEOLOGISTS NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB...

IS HE ASLEEP?  
YES! NOW THIS IS WHAT YOU DO! GO  
DOWN INTO THE TOMB! UNWRAP THE  
BODY OF TRAH-NU-KARMA AND WRAP  
YOURSELF IN ITS WINDINGS...



THEN SCOUT OR SCREAM! I'LL AWAKEN  
ARNOLD AND TELL HIM THAT YOU MUST GO  
DOWN THERE! WHEN WE REACH THE BURIAL  
CHAMBER, YOU GO INTO A SLOWLY AOT,  
AND I'LL START SCOUTING ABOUT  
THE COURSE...



EXASPERATED WHEN  
WE BRING HIS BODY  
BACK TO GARD, HE'LL  
CLAIM WE HAD A  
HEAVY ATTACK  
FROM DISAPPOINTMENT  
OVER THE FAILURE  
OF OUR EXPEDITION!



ALL RIGHT! GO  
AHEAD! AND HURRY!  
WAIT FOR  
MY SHOUT!



THOMAS WENT DOWN INTO THE  
TOMB! JEROME SAT IN HIS OCT FOR  
A LONG TIME... GROWING MORE AND  
MORE UNREADY! FINALLY...



ARNOLD SAT BOLT UPRIGHT ON HIS COFF! JEROME  
LEAPED TO HIS FEET! THOMAS'S BLOOD-CURDLING  
SCREAM CAME DOWN...



IT'S THOMAS! HIS BED'S  
EMPTY! HE MUST BE DOWN  
THERE... IN THE TOMB!  
LET'S GO...

ARNOLD STARTED DOWN THE TOMB STEPS... JEROME  
FOLLOWING, SMILING...



HE MUST BE IN  
TROUBLE!  
HURRY, ARNOLD!  
HURRY!

SUDDENLY, THEY REACHED THE TREASURE CHAMBER. THOMAS'S LAMP SHOT UPON THE FLOOR ILLUMINATING THE ENTIRE ROOM. BEYOND WAS THE BURIAL CHAMBER. ARNOLD STOPPED.

OH, MY LORD! LOOK! IT... IT'S THE MUMMY!



HE CAME FROM THE BURIAL CHAMBER... BRANGLING ALONG... TOTTERING HEAVILY... HIS WINDINGS RANGING LOUDLY. SOMEONE HAD TO CONTROL HIMSELF TO KEEP FROM LAUGHING! THOMAS... LOOKED SO COMICAL! THEN... JEROME WENT INTO HIS ACT...

THE GUARD, ARNOLD! THE DEATH WILL COME TO THOSE WHO ENTER HIS TOMB. HAA-MU-SAHNA... WELL... CHUCK... RISE!



THE WALKING FIGURE STUMBLED FORWARD... THE GUARD IS TRUE, ARNOLD! THE MUMMY HAS RISE!



IT WAS ALMOST UPON THEM...



...HEARTY



ARNOLD CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR. JEROME AHELT TO EXAMINE HIM.



JEROME BEGAN TO LAUGH! THE WALKING FIGURE STOPPED...



...GOOD WORK, THOMAS! GOOD WORK! BUT ONE THING...

JEROME DREW THE PISTOL FROM UNDER HIS SHIRT...

"ONE THING YOU *DON'T* COUNT ON, THOMAS! YOU SEE? I WANT THAT TREASURE FOR MYSELF!" THOMAS FORGOT HIS ANSWER.



JEROME STARED AT THE SHAKING FIGURE BEFORE HIM.



THE BULLET TOOK THROUGH THE WRAPPAGE BUT THE FIGURE DID NOT BELL...

"FOR GOD'S SAKE! I SHOT YOU, THOMAS! DIE!"



JEROME BACKED OFF...EMPTYING HIS GUN INTO THE WRINGING-ENGAGED FIGURE...



BUT THE MUMMY KEPT GOING. JEROME BANGED INTO THE BURIAL CHAMBER. THE SANDCHAMBER WAS OPEN.

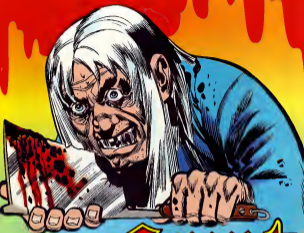


THE MAN IN THE MUMMY SAID IN A LOUD VOICE: "THOMAS! THOMAS!" THEN... THEN... CHORE!



SEE, HE'LL DO WHATEVER WHAT'S HIS NAME TOOK CARE OF THE DISTURBANCE OF HIS SANCTITY AS THE CURSE MAP PREDICTED. AFTER THAT HE TOSSED THE BODIES ON THE PILE WITH THE OTHER SKELETONS... YARNED... SHUT THE FRONT SLAS DOOR MORE... AND WENT BACK TO SLEEP! WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO DO, NOW THAT YOU'VE FIMBLED BY... *TALK OF HONOR!* YES, NOW!

THE MUMMY WAS RIGHT BANGING - CHORE... ALMOST... TOUCHING HIM.



# The Crypt Keeper

